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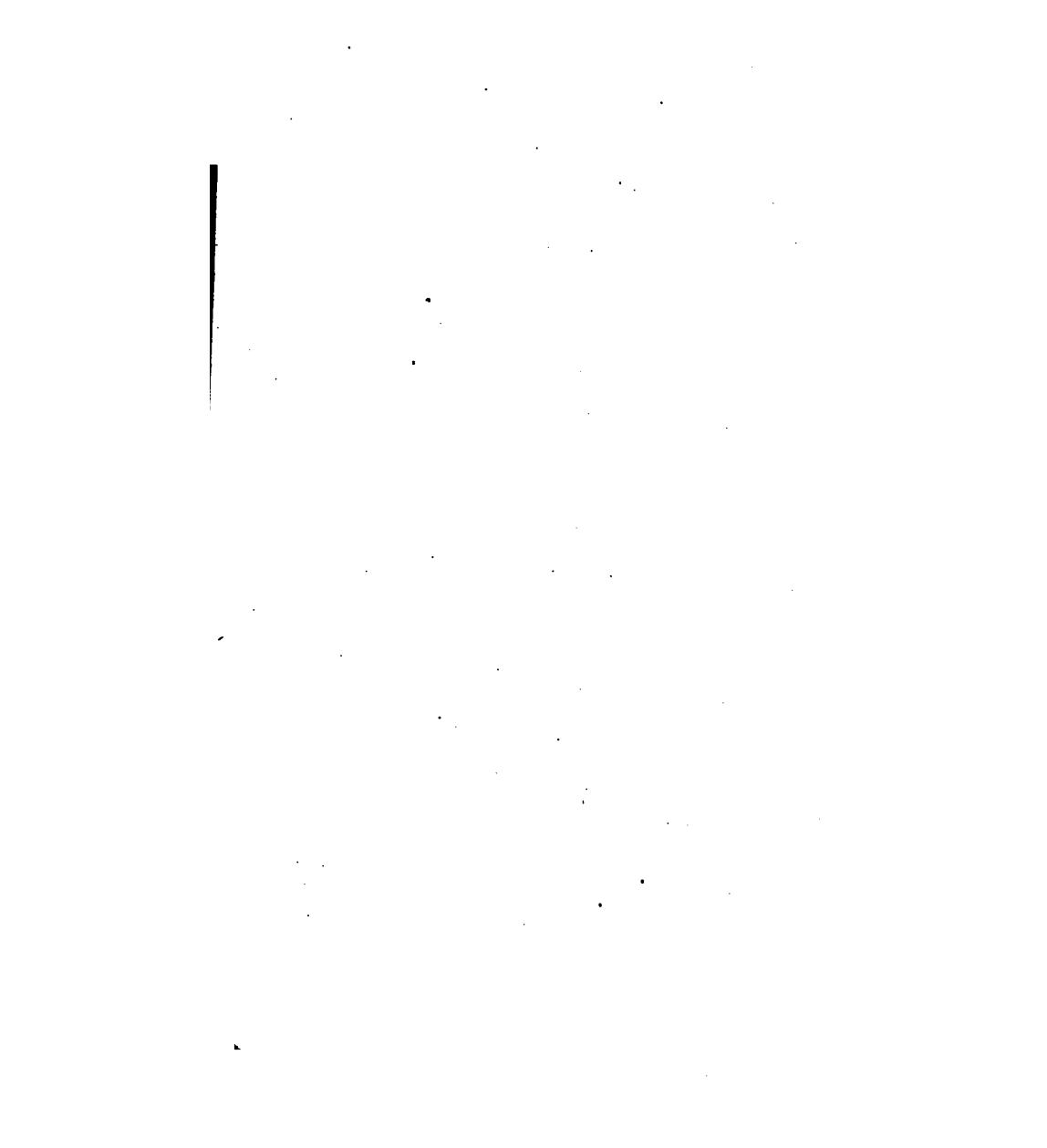
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LEAVES.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.



I.

Foolscape, 8vo, cloth gilt, 1s. 6d.

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH,

AND OTHER POEMS.



II.

Foolscape 8vo, cloth gilt, 1s. 6d.

THE CAIRNS OF IONA,

AND OTHER POEMS.

LEAVES.

BY

ALESSIE BOND,

Authoress of "The Triumph of Faith;" "The Cairns of Iona, and
other Poems," &c.

"Thoughts, thoughts, thoughts!
Rolling wave-like on the mind's strange shore,
Rustling leaf-like through it evermore,
O that they might follow God's good hand!"

RIGHT REV. W. ALEXANDER.

DUBLIN:
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1873.

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To

MANY FRIENDS.

BUT

ONE MOTHER!

OCTOBER, 1873.

It is to enable some who have cared for them the better to keep them, that these few Leaves are pressed within a book.

For permission to reprint the first ten Poems I have to thank Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, publishers of the *Quiver*, in which they originally appeared ; and for permission to use "The Bell of Ardcath," the Editor of *The Church of Ireland Parochial Magazine*. Other Poems are reprinted from *Golden Hours, Sunshine, &c.* The remaining Leaves are now first given to light—in hope and prayer, that whether they wither or not, they may help to bring some heart a healing.

A. BOND.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Snow at Night	9
Port-a-Daris	10
Asleep	12
Beyond the Bar	14
A Reverie	18
Waiting for the Tide	21
The Greater	22
St. Mungo's Well	23
The Picture on the Wall	25
Near the Arch	27
The Death of Aaron	29
“Et Veniat Super me !”	39
Changed	41
Presented Faultless	43
One Blessing	45
“One Receiveth the Prize”	47
The Great Peace	49
Not Dim	51

	PAGE.
“ The Piece which I had lost ”	53
Leaving Church.	55
Moriah	56
Afar off	58
“ The Precious Blood of Christ ”	59
“ Whithersoever He goeth ”	61
Philippians ii. 12	62
Near Thee	64
No Stone Unturned	66
Whitsun Lilies	69
“ I believe in the Communion of Saints ”	70
The Bell of Ardcath	72
“ Open thy mouth for the Dumb ”	74
Our Father	75
Things Unseen	77
Rest	79
“ Are here all thy Children ? ”	82
“ Lovest Thou Me ? ”	88
“ He shall not die ”	91
Holy Week	94
The Heavenly Jerusalem	97





LEAVES.

SNOW AT NIGHT.

SILENT and solemn now !
Laid to rest in her shroud of white,
And wearied, seemeth the earth to-night.
No bridal veil of the spring-time this—
Its touch is pure with another bliss,
And the snow-wreaths bind her brow.

The pale moon comes, to look
(Like grief) on the loved and cover'd face,
But cannot stay in the sadden'd place.
Her daughter-stars long vigil keep—
Their eyes are dim, but they cannot weep,
The Heaven is the veiled Book.

Hush ! for no voice is here.
 There is silence as before the dead.
 Yet hath it more of peace than dread,
 For deep in its innermost heart a calm,
 A patient thought, and a hope of balm
 Lie hidden, to wait for cheer.

Wait till the morning come,
 Till the snow-shroud change to the robe of spring,
 As soul to body shall yet give wing ;
 Till the moon, like earthly love's pale light,
 Give place to the sun in his glorious might.
 Wait till the morning come !

PORT-A-DARIS.

BOW low thy head, this courtyard old to enter—
 Bow at its low-arch'd door.
 In silence o'er the rocky fortress ponder,
 And pace its pebbly floor.

Like cities wall'd to Heaven, the cliffs rise stately
 On every side but one,
 Where evermore in homage from the ocean
Low booms his salvo-gun ;

And charging grandly, like a troop of horsemen,
His white waves plunge and foam,
And ride like royal posts that bear a message
In haste, from their vast home.

No banner droops above those dark rock-turrets,
Carved on the silent sky.
To the long roll of ocean's ceaseless music
No pageant sweepeth by.

A strange, unutterable thrill creeps o'er me,
Between delight and fear.
A voice within to those without makes answer—
“God's Presence dwelleth here !”

Oh ! look upon the waves, whose struggle ends not
Though all around hath rest,
At solemn midnight, or when glowing sunset
Would slumber on their breast ;

And doth not thy deep spirit learn their longing
For grand and glorious strife,
And from their heaving strength learn many a lesson
Of this world and thy life ?

And going forth with firmer will, and purpose
 More true than e'er before,
 O'er rock and reef and shoal dash bravely onward
 To the eternal shore ?

ASLEEP.

 ROSY face is prest to mine,
 Soft golden ringlets kiss my brow ;
 The loving arms that wont to twine
 Round me, are quiet now.

Two pattering feet, of fairy size,
 Are wearied with the chase of June ;
 Even the Daisy shuts her eyes
 In sleep, this summer noon.

How shall I move and leave her here ?
 Will she not wake when I am gone ?
 Steal softly ! hush ! ah, needless fear—
 She heeds not, sleeping on.

To look at her, I blame my heart,
And grieve that it can be so dull
To make its own Faith's glorious part—
So slow Love's flowers to cull.

I know she is not perfect—know
That latent sin too oft will spring,
That good thoughts pass like virgin snow,
Or birds shot on the wing.

I know that nought is perfect here—
That nature's taint is deep and long,
But, oh ! sweet rushing waves I hear,
And distant heavenly song.

“ Christ's precious blood for her was shed !”
Like sunlight o'er baptismal wave
His glory crowns that golden head,
Her sins lie in His grave !

Meanwhile, since all things lovely tell
Of perfect loveliness and bliss,
May I not prize and love them well,
And thrill to Daisy's kiss ?

I watch'd her struggling hard to sleep,
 Because we bade her rest at noon ;
 Close shut the bright eyes tried to keep,
 But sleep fled like a tune.

At last with one long, weary sigh,
 She ceased to struggle so for rest ;
 And then it came, as quietly
 She lay against my breast.

So let me cease, in self-despair,
 To seek Thy rest through toil of mine ;
 And lay my heart with all its care
 And weariness on Thine !

—

BEYOND THE BAR.

 READ a poem yester-eve,
 'Twas written on the sea ;
 I gazed upon a pictured truth
 That since hath haunted me.

'Twas written by no mortal hand,
Nor stay'd by painter's grasp ;
But oft, of nature's book, will thought
Unfix the golden clasp,

And read most wondrous things therein
Of all truth shows sublime—
The vast unknown eternity,
The grand old school of time.

I saw where late the tide had swept
Into a deep, calm bay ;
A few forgotten wavelets now
'Twixt sandy ridges lay.

Yet mighty rush and solemn roll,
And snow-white surf afar,
And one broad stretch of boundless blue,
Spake tide beyond the bar.

And I knew its giant pulsings soon
Would seek a short-lived rest ;
That it must flow, and ebb again,
Over the bay's deep breast.

O heart, that yearnest evermore
For something earth has not,
For tides of joy beyond thyself,
Come, ponder o'er this spot !

'Tis not alone when all the springs
Of human hope run dry,
And stars once mirror'd in thy deep
Are hidden in the sky ;

Not then alone that longings spring
For love that cannot change ;
Whose tide that knoweth ebb nor flow
Can fill thy widest range.

But when the tides of earthly love
Have reach'd a noble height,
And every good and perfect gift
Shows beautiful and bright ;

When all the gladdest thoughts of time,
Its themes of olden song,
Its pleasant hopes and memories dear,
Upon the spirit throng ;

They are but some imprison'd waves
'Twixt many a ridge of sand,
To that great love whose ocean burst
Sweeps life-pearls on thy strand.

The bay is bleak without its tide ;
The soul more bleak and chill
Without that life whose waves alone
Its myriad needs can fill.

And oh ! when pain'd for present dearth,
And passing needs of life,
The faithless heart remembers not
The issue of its strife,

Then, Saviour, let thy love be near,
Not gazed on from afar ;—
And grant us still from time's low shore,
To look beyond the Bar !



A REVERIE.

READ me the lines that lie
 Along that sunset sky,
 O Thought ! its mystic characters unfold !
 Tell me the wondrous things
 Traced, as with angels' wings,
 Across that broad, far-stretching scroll of gold.

Shew me their meaning deep !
 Unlock, as from a sleep,
 The sacred tomes—the books that few can read.
 We read, but not aright :
 Scarce flasheth on our sight
 The mighty love that fain would fill our need.

What though the ashtrees spread
 Their canopies o'erhead,
 And raise their draperied arms to screen the sky—
 By contrast they are dark !
 The eye would only mark
 Those sunset clouds suggesting musings high.

Here, like the chequer'd past,
Twined, lacing branches cast
Their curious shadows o'er our path the while.
And soft the sunset falls
On grey and crumbling walls,
More lovely'neath Time's frown than 'neath his smile.

Ah me ! when friends depart,
Not all at once the heart
Recovers from its inner shock and strain,
To look on new: but lo !
When they around it flow,
Love is not new—it is the old again.

The power, from darkness brought,
That flashes thought for thought,
And speeds the ship across the stormy deep
With swiftly-ploughing keel,
And turns blind Fortune's wheel,
Is not new-born, but waked from ages' sleep.

Ah me ! who leaveth not
The dear old haunted spot,
The clump of trees, the wayside hut or stone,

With sadder, fonder heart
Than ever he will part,
In after years, from beauty newly known !

The clear, blue hills that rise
Sheer up to childhood's skies—
The village church bell—faces of old times—
Say, loves not life to keep
Their memory far more deep
Than classic lay, or stately minster's chimes ?

Life—in its dawn and dark—
Death in its workings—mark
The self-same course, continuing to run,
As when, in olden time,
The Preacher's words sublime
Were, “There is nothing new beneath the sun.”

The sunset glory fades,
The calm, grey night's deep shades
O'er earth their mantle solemnly have cast.
But o'er its ancient track
The light shall struggle back,
And dawn shall blush again when night is past.

Lighten our darkness, Lord !
Deliverance accord
From perils and all dangers of this night.
And when death's night is past
O bid us wake at last
With Thee, for His dear sake whose love is light !

WAITING FOR THE TIDE.

 LIT the soft lights o'er the mountain,
Joyous 'mid the shades they glide ;
But the boat below lies stranded,
Waiting for the tide !

White wings flit across the sunburst,
Out beyond the wild Dunree,
Where the ocean tides pulse strongly
From the Atlantic sea.

Through the dark cave flies the sea-bird,
Weak things o'er the shallows ride—
But the great ship rocks at anchor,
Waiting for the tide !

Lonely, lonely in the twilight,
 With a drooping sail beside,
 (Yet not furl'd) the heart lies stranded,
 Waiting for the tide !

Vain the keel that seeks the ocean—
 Vain the strong sail all unfurl'd :
 Soul and ship need truer breathings
 Than of this low world.

But the Holy Spirit cometh,
 Never for our need too late.
 Wait, oh heart, the tide's returning !
 Trust as well as wait !

THE GREATER.

 LAID a sprig of mignonette
 Beside the Bitter-Cup ;* .
 Both in one vase the same tear wet—
 One dried the other up.†

* Anemone.

† The mignonette kills other flowers when mixed with them.

Place this, oh heart ! thy pain above—
Learn this for thy relief ;
The sweetness of Christ's dying love
Will kill thy bitterest grief.

ST. MUNGO'S WELL.

 OT behind a fringe of waving sedges,
Not from out a wild, sweet summer dell,
With the blue flowers watching by its edges
Through the noontide, gleams St. Mungo's Well.

But beneath the old cathedral hoary,
Where an arching forest springs in stone ;
Where the dark crypt steals a sudden glory,
Through the ruby window fitful thrown.

Scotland hath a merchant city olden ;
Stately Clyde and classic Kelvin flow
To her breast ; but she hath memories golden,
Richer memories of long ago.

Long ago, when wondering and solemn,
Met a few beneath the arching sky ;
Met to pray, ere yet one noble column,
Like a carven prayer, look'd up on high.

Then (for they were rude, and poor, and lonely,)
When the dark clouds gather'd overhead,
Church nor place of prayer had they, save only
By the well an humble wooden shed.

Died the preacher, but the words he told them
Lived and deepen'd with a life divine,
Till the after ages learn'd to fold them
In rich symbol and majestic shrine ;

Till the great cathedral rose in splendour,
With its graceful lengths and stately heights—
With its shadows dark, and grave, and tender—
With its storied burst of mingling lights.

Pace yon solemn crypt, whose maze of arches
Keepeth watch where centuries lie dead ;
In whose stillness scarce were heard the marches
Of crusading armies overhead.

In its aisle the old well still upspringeth,
With a narrow, stainéd light above,
Where her child a pictured mother bringeth
For the Saviour's earliest sign of love.

Still that fount, which never dries in summer,
Gives the heart of life's true wave to think ;
Sayeth gently to the musing comer,
" Christ will give the thirsty soul to drink."

THE PICTURE ON THE WALL.

THE years ! the years ! 'tis only four,
Not four have circled quite,
Since standing by the old house door
We watch'd him out of sight.

The years ! the years ! beside the brink
Of life's swift-passing stream,
I sometimes sit me down and think,
" Is everything a dream ? "

The stranger wears his honours now,
And stands in many a place
That only one broad, noble brow,
One manly step could grace.

A marble cross, a carven name,
A rose-tree by a grave.
But never more our soldier came
From o'er the Indian wave.

No—safe is he beyond the fight !
And when the shadows fall,
Looks calmly through the waning light
A picture from the wall.

And from the home we wait to share,
There steals a vision sweet !
Ah never weep they, gazing there
Adown the golden street.



NEAR THE ARCH.

IFT up your heads, ye gates !
Be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors !
'Tis He who conquer'd in our strife, that waits
To pace His temple floors.

O gates ! where rise your towers ?
What Name is o'er your everlasting arch ?
Where shall the King of Glory choose His bowers ?
Where peals His organ-march ?

Not in the heavens alone,
Where angel princes bear their lofty part
In His high glory. For He makes a throne
Even of the cleanséd heart.

When came the kings of old
From hard-fought field, with trophies newly won,
In some deep chancel droop'd the banner's fold,
And homage high was done,

Where clustering pillars arch'd
In forest aisles, beneath some stately fane ;
While grandly, as the bright procession march'd
Thrill'd victory's high strain.

But when to us, alas !
Our Saviour cometh, what can meet His eye ?
Like pillars prostrate on the abbey grass
Our hearts in ruin lie.

Wild is the stormy light—
He hears no organ-peal of joy and praise.
A few fair broken arches through the night
Their sadden'd beauty raise.

Yet turns He not away
From that dumb place, restored at such a cost.
Ah, crumbling portal ! He hath come to-day
To seek and save the lost.



THE DEATH OF AARON.

NUMBERS, **xx. 22-29.**

LOW lie the red leaves, earthward-swept,
Like tears by pensive Autumn wept,
Wept for the waning year.
The chill mists creep o'er hill and stream,
Scarce lit by some swift-fading gleam ;
Yon light bark passes, like life's dream,
The time is cold and sere.
The wind among the bare trees sighs,
With sob-like burst the grey waves arise
Along the lonely shore.
And mirror'd now in tender thought
That hath a grander promise caught
Than spring's—a hope with glory fraught—
Rise days that are no more.

Ah, me ! if Autumn's gales sweep by,
And shed her leaves, they shew her sky.
If chilling mist and killing frost
The green and graceful foliage cost,
The mist on wearied nature's breast
Falls, like a veil o'er sleeper's rest,
Bespeaking hard-won, dear repose,
Sweet, doubly sweet at labour's close.
The bitter frost makes sunset bright
With glory more than summer's right ;
And oh how sweet, like rest afar,
Shines through it Night's first regal star !
Yon graceful bark that glided past,
With white sail mirror'd in the stream—
Coming and passing hence as fast
As figure in a dream,
An imaged life it seem'd to be,
Reflected from eternity.
And shall we think of Summer fled,
And not of those whose memories shed
Around our lives a sweetness yet—
Whose tones the heart may not forget ?
Or shall we think of these alone
Linked for a moment with our own,

Nor theirs of yore consider well,
Whose voices borne on time's long swell
Down channels deep, o'er oceans vast,
Speak to us from the distant past ?
No ! Learn we from the records dear
That heaven hath sent for strength and cheer :
And still our prayer and trust be this,
That ours may be such faith and bliss.

II.

“ Aaron died there, in the top of the mount.”

THE words, the solemn words, are said—
The summons dear, the mandate dread,
Forbidding Canaan’s longed-for rest—
Bespeaking that amid the blest.
O weary years ! O long distress !
O journeyings through the wilderness !
Is this—is this your final close,
Uncrown’d by Canaan’s rich repose ?
Have days of patience, hope, and pain,
(All he hath suffer’d !) been in vain ?

Must dark Mount Hor stern witness bear
Not now to Moses' passion'd prayer,
When for their Israel's strength and aid
His fainting hands true Aaron stay'd ;
Nor yet, (as on that glorious day
When haughty Amalek's fierce array
Back from each furious charge was driven)
Rise, love's memorial, high to heaven ;
But rather on his ancient brow,
Wear solemn clouds funereal now,
And his far heights, majestic, lone,
Be Aaron's monumental stone ?
O for an instant's raptured gaze
On Israel's rest ! to join his praise
For victories won and dangers past !
To lead his banner'd tribes at last
In triumph to their promised lot !
Of all God's earth, upon that spot
Most honour'd, but to lift his eye
For one brief moment, then to die !
No, patriarch, no ! it must not be !
That longed-for joy is not for thee.
Go—leave them. Scale yon mountain's crest ;
Yield to thy son the priesthood's vest—

Robe, girdle, ephod, lay thou down—
The golden plate, the holy crown,
The glorious breastplate, heavenly dight
With Urim and with Thummim bright.
Thou wilt not need to wear them more—
Shadows are but for time's low shore.
But with them say not love is gone—
The love that o'er thy life hath shone !
Bow meekly to thy Lord's behest—
For thee, and for His flock, 'tis best.

But oh, he deem'd not God could change.
Still from its widest, saddest range
The chasten'd spirit to His feet
Turned meekly, with submission sweet.
No pleading sigh, no pining word
From that weak heart's chafed depth was heard.
No restless thought impetuous broke
Forth from its bitterness, or spoke.
His pardon'd soul, by mighty grace
Subdued, was strong God's path to trace.
Frailty with sin was laid aside
When Aaron climb'd Mount Hor and died.

O well may slender fir tree quail
When storms the cedar's height assail !
If thundering billows vex the rock,
How shall the pebble brave their shock ?
Low bow'd in dust be every head—
From neck to brow shame's crimson spread !
And true be penitential grief
For darker pride and unbelief.
Ah ! not from Massah's rocky spring
Our hot, impatient thoughts take wing !
'Tis not dishonour to our Lord
That oft provokes the angry word.
No ! on our souls how sadly fall
Those solemn words—that mighty call
To seek His cleansing from the blot
They tell--"Ye sanctified Me not."
Alas ! how oft must conscience raise
And conjure from their tombs the days
Destroy'd, neglected, lost, mis-spent !
The talents by God's mercy lent,
But not laid down in tribute meet,
A hallow'd offering, at His feet.
Not raised to Him with worship free,
But bow'd to base idolatry.

III.

“ And when all the congregation saw that Aaron was dead, they mourned for Aaron thirty days, even all the house of Israel.”

AND yet, and yet no terror stole
In death around the pardon'd soul.
No sinless thought, no perfect deed
Of his, could saintly Aaron plead.
His only hope that wondrous Light,
Whose glory makes our darkness bright ;
His plea, that Sacrifice alone,
Once offer'd, ever to atone,
To whose bright centre still must tend
The heart's sole hope till life shall end.
And oh ! when that dread bourne we near
Whose darkness nought of earth can cheer,
No arm but Jesus' be our stay !
No love but His our watch'd-for ray.
No hope but His sustaining cross
Be ours, and all things else as loss.

So have I known a sainted life
Call'd heavenward from the mortal strife.
Perchance when after years of care,
And patient love, and toil, and prayer,
The goal of faith and hope seem'd near
To flocks long wandering, yet most dear ;
But he, their pastor, not below
Of their immortal weal must know.
How keen that parting pang might be—
How deep the love's intensity,
That long'd, and watch'd, and wept, and cast
Their burden on his Lord at last,
One eye alone, that through the dark
Had guided him, might ever mark.
Yet with a trust so true and sweet,
So meek and child-like, at the feet
That trod for him death's darken'd way,
He knelt adoring to obey.
Then as he rose and climb'd the hill
With patient spirit, lovelier still,
They who were watching saw him rise,
Till sight had lost him in the skies.
So have I known some lone spot, dear
To memory, more than all the near.

Far, far from tumult of life's wave,
Or aught of earth. 'Twas but a grave,
Perchance in some sweet southern isle,
Where warm, bright sunshine's genial smile
Was meeter epitaph and sign
Of the rare life than carven line.
But though affection's step that spot
Might never seek, was it forgot ?
Would not its angel-watchers keep
Sweet vigil o'er that quiet sleep,
Till, rising glorious from the dust,
Soar'd up to life their treasured trust ?

And so, too, have I known the grief
Of sore bereavement find relief.
Forbear, O words ! your effort vain
To banish now life's real pain !
Intrude not, World, upon the hour
When first is felt the spoiler's power !
Love's sorrow is a thing too deep
For Human tears away to weep.
Too lone and dark for mortal eye,
And yet too holy, grand, and high
To pass away like other woe ;
High mission hath it ere it go !

They end—those first dark, lonely days
Of nature's yearning wistful gaze
After what hath been, and is o'er—
The past, that cometh back no more.
When neither sun nor stars appear,
And heaven is dark, and earth is drear,
And in its passionate agony
The rebel heart saith, “ Let me die ! ”
How jarring then the kindest tone
That earthly pity e'er hath known !
Vainly it bids the tumult cease,
Till Christ's own voice shall whisper “ Peace ! ”
Lo ! then the soul's wild tempests calm,
Then the bruised spirit findeth balm.
Then, not till then, doth end the strife
That quenches hope and wears out life.
And grief's strong torrent rushes past—
What would it be if it should last ?
Love holds what time shall not efface—
The dearly kept and cherish'd trace
That memory hath, to cheer and bless ;
Doth hold it when the keen distress
Is dead, which fell with chilling blight,
And morn, sweet morn, succeedeth night.

And, like those mystic days of yore,
Pass ours. The same comes back no more.
Oh Thou, alone the changeless Friend !
So let the days of mourning end.
Nor let our hearts forget the past
Before the time of meeting come
To all who look for Thee at last,
In heaven, Thy home !

“ET VENIAT SUPER ME!”

Twenty-fifth day of the month ; Morning Prayer.
Psalm cxix. 41.

“Let Thy loving mercy come also unto me, O Lord !”

THY love is like the ocean,
Whose waves or ripples meet
Each watching shore the wide world o'er,
Oh ! let it wash my feet !

Thy love is like the ripeness
Of some rich laden tree,
That o'er the wall bends down to all—
Oh ! let it come to me !

Thy love its own heart knoweth,
And no created thing,
How good, or fair, or bright soe'er,
Like it could angel sing.

But, oh ! teach me to know it,
That love so deep so free,
Which all hath blest that in it rest,
“Et veniat super me !”



CHANGED.

We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed."

I. COR. xv. 21.

 It may be, Christ shall come again
Before 'tis time for other partings.
It may be near the end of pain,
The healing of all bitter smartings.

It may be, death shall smite no more
Upon our hearts ! The midnight darkens,
But dawn is nearer than before ;
And Jesus speaks when sorrow hearkens.

He may not call us one by one—
There may be few more clouded greetings ;
Beyond the stars, beyond the sun,
There will be glad unshadow'd meetings.

It may be that in one dear band
As we have thought upon Him, kneeling,
In His high presence we shall stand—
The fulness of His blessing feeling.

It shall be—yes ! for He hath died—
Whether we go alone, or whether
Up through the air the angels guide
His own, unparted and together ;

And whether days or years it be—
It must be that we yet shall gather
Who hold Him here, though tremblingly,
Around the table of His Father.

Ah ! we have changed since childhood—changed
In life, by death, in face, in feeling,
But His dear Hand our hearts hath ranged
Around His cross—and *there* is healing.

What matters it, the change of grief—
Our older forms and furrow'd faces ?
The waiting time may be but brief
Till He prepare us for our places.

O change ! from tears, from musings dim,
From patient hope taught ne'er to falter,
From this long death, to be with Him,
And learn the love no change could alter !

PRESENTED FAULTLESS.

“Now unto Him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory, with exceeding joy ; to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.”

JUDE 24, 25.

 H ! it were wonderful, my Saviour ! more
Than all my wildest dreams of blessing here,
Only to stand at last within the door
Of Heaven, nor dare the Throne to venture near.

Were it not happiness beyond the dream
Of all that dies, to know no sin—no pain ?
From one of Thy far windows, o'er the stream
Of life to look, and see mine own again ?

But 'tis not this Thou sayest. More than this
Lies in but one of those sweet words that fall
Still on our souls, as when from Thy dear lips
They fell. For Thou art nought, or all in all !

O blessed Lord ! Thou wilt not be ashamed
To bring us in, and lead us to the place
Of those on whom Thy glorious Name is named,
And own us there, before Thy Father's face !

We—who before Thine angels strong and pure
Might shrink ! who blush'd and fear'd to speak
for Thee,
To be confest by Love that did endure
Through all, and set where angels cannot be !

For Thou art able to present us, white
And spotless--though we ache in head and heart
With all our sin. Because the unbroken might
Of our dark doom lay on Thee with its smart,

Because for us it sank Thee to the grave—
And Thou didst lie in darkness, and arise
For us to glory, can the Father save,
And look on us with welcome in His eyes !

What shall we say? O Saviour! place us now
In that high Presence, childlike, with a prayer
That by those priceless drops on Thy dear brow,
We at Thy side the holy crown may wear.

ONE BLESSING.

“Hast Thou but one blessing, O my Father?”

 DO not ask what once my heart
So passionately craved—
But oh! to have in Thee my part!
To feel that I am saved!

One blessing, Father! only one,
Of Thee this soul would pray;
'Tis not the starlight, but the sun
I ask, to light my way.

One blessing, Father ! one from Thee !
I know that some are blest,
But hast Thou not a word for me
Of pardon, peace and rest ?

And He replied—“ Not only one
I offer thee, my child !
For thee I gave mine only Son—
In Him be reconciled.

Far more than thou canst ask or think,
For prayer I hold in store.
Kneel down by this bright river’s brink,
And thou shall thirst no more !”



“ONE RECEIVETH THE PRIZE.”

“Know ye not that they which run in a race, run all, but
one receiveth the prize.”—I Cor. ix. 24.

RUNNING the race to heaven,
The race that shall end in rest !
Are we running the race to that glorious place
Where some we have loved are blest ?

Are we running the race—though sometimes
With a sudden load of pain.
With sorrowful eyes that forget the Prize,
And tears that fall like rain ?

With feet that have err'd and stumbled,
With halting and laggard pace,
Are we striving still for the holy hill ?
Are we really running the race ?

Are we looking to Jesus only,
Though weak be the gaze and dim ?
Then wherefore weep for the blessed sleep
Of one who has gone to Him ?

Nay, but we must, this moment !
'Twill lighten the lonely heart ;
'Twill not keep us back from her hallow'd track,
That showers the cloud should part.

What is the Prize eternal,
The crown that the blessed wear ?
Ah ! never tongue hath said or sung
The glory that beameth there !

What is the prize she hath left us ?
The example of her aim—
The steady thought that in all things wrought
With zeal for her Master's name.

The Christian love and counsel
That shall never leave the heart ;—
The hand that wrought, and the word that taught,
And the grace that bloom'd apart.

Let us run, with another witness
In the cloud that has veil'd our eyes ;
That one by one, as our race is run,
We, too, may receive the Prize !

February, 1871.

THE GREAT PEACE.

“Great shall be the peace of thy children.”—Isaiah liv. 13.

 HE need is great, the heart is deep,
Its strength is only strength to weep.
It hath a care that will not cease,
And yet I hear Thee speak of peace !

Peace ! yet Thou sayest, and I know
Full well, that sin hath only woe,
And mine is great. But greater far
Thy grace, Thy love, Thy merit are !

Low didst Thou stoop to lift me up !
Deep drainedst Thou the bitter cup,
The cup of wrath that I deserved—
And meek wert Thou as one that served !

No marvel then Thy grace is free,
For all Thou givest is like Thee !
Though dark am I, yet bright are Thou—
Oh ! comfort, cleanse, make glorious now.

Still, Saviour, by Thy Spirit blest,
Draw mine to Thee, for Thou art rest !
What puts between the soul and Thee,
No peace, no joy, no truth can be.



NOT DIM.

“The eyes of them that see shall not be dim.”

ISAIAH xxxii. 3.

“**T**HE eyes of them that see
Shall not be dim.”
Ah ! nothing *there* shall be
'Twixt them and Him.

But they are dim with night,
And clouded now.
When faith should make it bright,
Sense clouds the brow.

“ Shall not be dim.” O words
Most full of cheer !
Ye ring the sweetest chords
The Church can hear.

Nothing shall come between !
 No love, no pain,
No thought of what hath been,
 No mental strain,

No dread of what may fall.
 But speak again
Dear Lord, and teach us all
 As Thou wilt then !

Come now, that light nor shade
 May put between
The soul that needs Thine aid
 And Thee unseen.



THE PIECE WHICH I HAD LOST.*

LUKE XV.

HE had lost a piece of silver—it was near the
end of day—

It had roll'd away into darkness, as I have wander'd
away !

But she search'd till dark—then she lighted a candle
and swept the floor,

And she found her piece of silver, and the piece was
lost no more !

O gentle, merciful Saviour ! and hast Thou been
looking for me

In the daylight of my lifetime, when I did not think
of Thee ?

And now that the shadows are falling, and I'm weary
and old and ill,

Dost Thou care so much for my poor soul ? dost
Thou love it, and want it still ?

* Written for a class of old people.

There was worth in the piece of silver, but ah ! there
is none in me !

Only I know that the weakest soul Thou hast made
is dear to Thee.

And searching for me Thou camest, to bear the cross
and the grave—

Thou wouldest not have taken such pains to seek, if
Thou hadst not cared to save.

Thou art able to light my candle, though the world
is dark around !

I am sure that Thou wert looking for **me**, or I never
would have been found.

And though Thy mark on me is dim, Thou canst
make it clear as the best.

Thy love I cannot understand, but I cling to it and
rest.



LEAVING CHURCH.

“Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in
the glory of God the Father.”—COMMUNION SERVICE.

HOU art most high O blessed Lord,
 Who camest low for me !
The Hand that makes my soul’s award
Will make it now by Thee !

Thou art on high—far, far above
Where earthly glories shine ;
Yet deep as all our need that love,
That wondrous love of Thine.

And now we look upon the years,
Like one who stands afar,
And from the cliffs looks down on fears,
And upward to his star.

For whether sweet be sunny light,
 Or midnight watches cold,
 Thy sweet epiphany is bright
 With all the joy of old.

Glory to Thee, who pleadest there,
 Thy work of suffering o'er !
 And grant us in Thy joy a share,
 When Thou shalt come once more !

MORIAH.

“Now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me.”— GEN. xxii. 12.

 NOUGH ! enough ! the test is o'er—
 The agony has pass'd away.
 Thou strugglest with thy love no more,
 Thy heart is willing to obey.
 Rise ! chase the shadow from thy brow—
 Thou knowest faith is real now !

I asked thee for thy dearest joy,
The priceless treasure of thy heart—
Thine only one ! the noble boy,
Of thine own soul the inner part.
Thou didst not doubt I loved him well,
Through that deep anguish none might quell.

That silent, gentle yielding up
Without a murmur felt or spoken ;—
That meek reception of the cup
I gave—though lone thy heart and broken—
(When none my tender purpose knew)
Thy trust of me hath witnessed true.

Now trust me still, beyond the grave !
One emblem only, one faint sign
Of that great, priceless Gift I gave
For thee, is this short pain of thine,
Which (though its depths thou canst not see,)
Shews something of my love for thee !



AFAR OFF.

“ Then on the third day, Abraham lifted up his eyes and saw the place afar off.”—Genesis xxii. 4.

WHEN dark and awful, looming in the distance
We see, O Lord ! the outline of a cross,
Teach us to think of it without resistance,
Weighing Thine agony against our loss.

Deeper than ever mortal's was Thy sorrow !
Yet calm Thy gaze, as day by day afar
Thou sawest it, shrinking not. And Thou didst
borrow
The strength of prayer—the peace no pain can mar.

Thou too hast known the awfulness of waiting,
More hard to bear than one sharp, present pain.
That voice of Thine can still the soul's debating,
And lead it on, till faith the victory gain.

And as the patriarch, in the thicket hoary,
Beheld the victim in his darling's place,
Open our eyes, that we may see the glory
Of Thine atonement, and for us the grace.

"THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST."

1 PETER i. 19.

 PLEAD it silently,
I have no words to plead—
For faint they fall, and powerless,
O Lord! before my need.

Shall it not speak for me,
That anguish vast and deep,
Alone in dark Gethsemane,
When they were all asleep?

That silence, meek and grand
'Neath menace, taunt, and blow,
That love which laid a healing hand
Upon an arméd foe?

Oh ! hath it heard the words
I never can unsay ?
Yet, can it blot their stain and spot
From soul and thought away ?

That brow that wore the thorn
To win life's crown for me ;
That heart which bore the shame and scorn
That I might honour'd be ;

That purple robe and reed
Which won for helpless souls
Adoring bright—shall they not plead
While one Hosanna rolls ?

But lest the soul forget,
Despairing for her sin,
Appear to faith, O Saviour ! yet—
Plead till she enter in.

Say Thou rememberest all
At God's right hand above,
And for Thy sake His smile shall fall
On us with cloudless love.

“WHITHERS EVER HE GOETH.”

REVELATION XIV. 4.

 HOU mayest lead in ways our blind hearts know
 not
(Strange and sorrowful perchance they be)
To the land where tears of sorrow flow not—
Yet, O Saviour! we would follow Thee.

By that gentle hand we may be parted
From the hands whose clasp was kind and dear;
Yet for every pang Thy tears have started;
For our thorn, O Thou didst feel the spear!

Not in earthly sunshine would we linger,
If it shone unblest, unshared by Thee.
When our anguish feels Thy steadyng finger,
Peace and calm beyond all mirth have we.

In our weariness Thy voice can cheer us :
In our loneliness Thy love be more
Than the tenderest that e'er came near us,
Or that ever spake to us before.

Only lead us back when we would wander !
Lead—for with Thy sheep our lot is cast.
Lead us till we rest before Thee yonder,
In the sunshine of Thy home at last.

PHILIPPIANS ii. 12.

“ Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.”

 SOUL ! hast thou received the scarlet line
Whereby God's angels know thee in the strife ?
And is the silken thread of mercy thine ?
Then take and weave it in the loom of life !

And throw it with a blessing to and fro—
Its blood-red hue shall tinge dull shades with gold !
Work out thine own salvation till it show
On this world's darkness patterns manifold.

Go work ! He bound it not upon thy brow,
O'er that high window which commands the strife,
That thou shouldst turn away from others now,
And selfishly exist—nor use thy life.

In weariest hours, His love may work out thine
In words and ways of love to all around.
It was the Master's hand which gave the sign :
He spake—die thou in echoing the sound.

But evermore, oh ! tremble, lest thou fail
In working out for love of Him thy part !
For though it hath no merit to avail,
Thy life is all thy language, hidden heart !



NEAR THEE.

“It is good for me to draw near to God.”—PSALM lxxiii. 28.

W^EES, it is good to draw near Thee,
Though not on angels' wings !
It is good for me to draw near Thee,
Though pain be the power that brings.

Good for me—though unworthy
To be listen'd to, or heard ;
Though the very turning to Thee,
Confesseth how I have err'd.

Thou, who art high and awful,
Yet camest for me so low !
Thou, who art pure and holy,
And longest to make me so !

Thou, who in sorrow and anguish
Tenderly feelest for me !
In every way and at all times,
It is good to draw near to Thee !

Near Thee—the only safe place
For a sinful soul like mine—
Where it may lay down its burden,
Where it can itself resign.

Oh ! in the time of trouble,
When the weaken'd heart gives way ;
When love cannot shut the door on death,
And hath not a word to say,

Only be drawing me near Thee !
And look on the pain that lies
Unseen by the kindest earthly friend,
But clear to Thy pitying eyes.

Thou wilt send me help of some kind !
If not what I ask for now,
Yet what I would ask if I knew all,
As perfectly as Thou.

And whether through light or darkness,
 The path of my feet shall be,
 O Blesséd Saviour ! draw my soul
 In every way, to Thee !

NO STONE UNTURNED.

THE shock where victory reels—
 The bounding chariot borne on scythe-clad wheels,
 The lock of serried spears,
 The loud war-chorus, mad with hopes and fears,
 That struggle, that defeat,*
 Where are they now ? trod down beneath the feet
 Of time. But evermore a struggle still
 Renew'd, hard-fought, re-won, doth linger in the will.
 Alas ! that evermore
 In this imperfect life, through battle sore,
 The soul must pass, must live,
 Ere to its grasp can joy its treasure give !
 Alas, that hidden deep,
 Some never find it, some in vain should weep !
 Or in their search bend ever o'er the spot
 Where it may be, but they shall find it not !

* Platea.

So, gazing through the night,
I mused, while waver'd tender starry light.
Then rose another thought,
“ What were the treasure worth if cheaply bought?
And dost thou hope to gain
A perfect joy without a perfect pain?
Ah! not till hoofs of battle break the ground
Deem that beneath thy feet shall precious things be
found !”

“ But,” said my heart again,
“ How can imperfect things bear perfect pain?
Mine—all that I could bear—
Hath never made me yet of joy aware.
O Saviour, fight for me!
Thy battle and Thy pain alone can set me free!
Thou, only Thou, within this great lone field,
Canst hide for me the joy that from me else were
seal'd.

Not counted here, nor told,
I think in heaven there is no buried gold,
No power that lies alone—
Hidden, for all its worth, beneath a stone.

Here pain goes throbbing on,
But by the morning light it will be gone ;
When angel hands lift gravestones from the heart,
And to a happier life we feel dead longings start."

But then He show'd a field
That to each seeker true doth treasure yield,
And said, " Let no regret
Be thine for what hath been. Thy gems I set.
Upturn thou every stone,
And the sweet earth shall bless thee, though alone.
O spare no toil for Jesus ! Search and see
More of the wealth of pain I gave to ransom thee !"



WHITSUN LILIES.

 LILIES saintly, lilies pure,
 Sweet lilies of the valley ! bide,
 As now ye breathe, in memory. Sure
 God gave you me for Whitsuntide.

Ye bow in shaded garden ground,
 As though ye said the creed of grace ;
 Like those the Whitsun-Day first found,
 With one accord and in one place.

Oh ! tell me, lilies, for a heart
 That hath known aching, have ye bliss ?
 Is there a world where we shall part
 No more for ever—not like this ?

A church's choir that holdeth all,
 Where all have garments pure and white
 As yours ; where dulness cannot fall,
 And none pass out into the night ?

Ah, yes ! there is on your sweet breath
 A message of eternal love ;
That even the shadow'd vale of death
 May hear and feel the brooding Dove.

Giver and Lord of life is He,
 And life is love for evermore ;
And all I leave with Him to be
 Made beautiful, He will restore !

**"I BELIEVE IN THE COMMUNION OF
SAINTS."**

THERE is no fear in love ! no dread
 That it can e'er be lost ;
In death it doth but bow the head
 Until a stream be crost.

It shall have sorrow—for its race
 Hath little kindred here ;
And quiet tears are on its face,
 But true love knows not fear.

It sayeth—All is in Thy hand !
 Unwise is mine and weak ;
'Tis only till we reach the land,
 We have our joy to seek.

But joy will find us there, and fill
 The void it found not here.
And I will wait. Thy kingly will
 Is love that slayeth fear.

Where mine hath err'd—(alas ! alas !
 It erreth day by day !)
There show me Thine, and do not pass
 From Thy poor child away.

And, oh ! when most I mourn and grieve—
 When most my spirit faints—
Then, Lord, most deeply I believe
 In the fellowship of saints.

Then do I bless Thee for the Death
 That lives in mine and me,
And know that time is but a breath,
 Which parts us not from Thee.

What ask we more ? Thou knowest best
 What to withhold or give ;
 But 'tis in Thine eternal rest
 That love shall fully live.

And if life's fever needeth now
 That some should walk apart,
 Thy hand will cool the aching brow,
 Thy peace will keep the heart.

THE BELL OF ARDCATH.*

 WING high the bell ! let the dirge be toll'd
 From its belfry tower so quaint and old.
 They are winding slow by the burial path
 To the ruin'd churchyard of grey Ardcath.

Let the bell be toll'd ! for the legends say
 It hath rung there many a year and day ;
 No ancient man but remembers still
 How his grandsire heard it from the hill.

* Kept from time immemorial in an old belfry in County Meath, and tolled alike for Roman Catholic and Protestant.

It tolls ! it tolls ! and the sleepers lie
'Neath the summer noon, 'neath the winter sky.
There are others coming to share their rest :
For the world must bow to one last behest.

Oh ! how have they lived, and how have they died ?
One only Voice may their doom decide !
One glance, that flasheth from saint nor man,
Alone the secret of souls may scan.

Too late, too late when the light depart,
When the waves of death shall have still'd the heart ;
Too late, when the solemn funeral knell
Is toll'd, the message of peace to tell !

Oh peal, ye bells ! and oh sound, ye chimes
That sing of Christ to the world's worst times !
No ruin'd church is the church ye own,
That hath Him for her Rock and her Corner Stone.



"OPEN THY MOUTH FOR THE DUMB."**PROVERBS xxxi. 8.**

¶ PEAK for the poor dumb child
¶ To Him who gave thee speech,
Oh ! pray that to his silent soul
The words of truth may reach !

Speak to thy fellow, thou
Whose words may weighty be.
Strive on, till in death's iron door
Be turned life's blessed key.

Speak ! little dost thou know
The power a word may bear.
Thou canst not tell how far may go
An arrow wing'd by pray'r.

Speak ! echoes of thy voice
May reach the deaf and dumb !
And one day thou shalt hear him sing
In Christ's bright world to come.

OUR FATHER !

“We ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art or man’s device.”—ACTS xvii. 29.

NOT like the fine gold nor the gem,
Nor art that long outlasteth them ;
Like no such lifeless thing Thou art,
O all-remembering, loving Heart !

Thine was the hand to mould us thus ;
These hopes, these fears, Thou gavest us ;
These craving hearts, whose rest must be
Not their own thought, but knowing Thee !

We come—for life is pressing sore !
Death waits, but life’s great need is more.
We come to Thee, the Lord of life,
To feast and arm us for its strife.

So faint, could we the banner hold ?
Oh ! let not tears bedim Thy gold !
Thy light is not far off nor chill—
Thou lovest—Thou wilt love us still.

Thou gavest Him Thou lovest best,
To bear our doom, to win our rest.
Thy deep heart careth now that we
Should give our lives in joy to Thee !

Then give Thyself to us once more !
Oh ! daily in our souls restore
Thy graven lines of love and grace,
Till neither death nor life efface.

And when the waves of death shall roll
Their strange new baptism o'er the soul,
ONE standing where its tides flow past,
Shall show Thee perfectly at last.



THINGS UNSEEN.

TN the minster droop'd the banners,
Droop'd above the stalls of knights ;
Stretch'd away among the arches
Lengths majestic, stately heights.

Swept the light o'er sleeping warriors,
Fell the shade o'er tombs of kings,
Till a life of awful stillness
Seem'd to haunt those marble things.

Mitred abbot, grim crusader,
Sage and poet, lay at rest ;—
Hands that held the ball of empire
Crost above the silent breast.

Laid aside were pen and crozier,
Hush'd the hearts whose thoughts endure.
Hung the saddle, shield, and helmet
O'er the shrine of Agincourt.

Through the Abbey wail'd a music,
Died along its distance faint.
But it was no laud of hero—
'Twas no dirge for king or saint.

'Twas a prayer for peace and pardon,
Rest and glory for the soul,
(Asking life for the immortal,)
Borne upon the organ's roll.

Not the minster's grandeur gave it,
Carven stone or stainèd light ;
But the Cross unseen, uncarven,
And a faith sublime and bright.

Spake the dead of all the ages,
Breathed a deep, mysterious grace,
When the last notes of the organ
Died within the sacred place :

“ 'Tis the things unseen, eternal,
Whose high spell alone may last.
'Tis the Cross unseen that giveth
Peace, when all life's dream is past !”

REST.

 BLESS Thee for all bitter things
That teach my soul of rest,
O lowly Lord ! O King of kings !
O Master mildest, best !

For every pang the soul must bear
In ways of earthly will,
The wholesome discipline of care,
The Voice that saith, " Be still !"

Yea, for the thirst and longing deep
Which Thou wilt soothe and stay.
The tears that life has had to weep
For gladness past away.

I bless Thee for all glorious things
That teach my soul of rest ;
For every song the ocean sings—
For every charging crest :

The mountain's mood of frown or smile,
The mist that veils his scars,
The hush of rocky pass and aisle,
The holy light of stars.

I bless Thee for the nights and days,
So glorious, yet so calm !
The mighty anthems of their praise,
The richness of their balm.

For childhood's hand with mine enlaced,
For thought that mine uplifts,
For rare, high friendships foremost placed
Among Thy perfect gifts !

For Art with all her living spells,
And all her ancient power.
For that which all her pomp excels,
The glory of a flower !

And for the priceless wealth of love
That life with me hath trod,
And for mine own' in rest above,
I bless Thee, O my God !

Thou hast a mightier love, that came
To save from death and loss.
How shall I bless Thee for the shame
Of Thy redeeming cross ?

To one not worthy of the least
Thou givest all the best.
Lead still to love's eternal feast,
To heaven's sublimer rest !



"ARE HERE ALL THY CHILDREN?"**I SAMUEL XVI. II.**

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF KARL GEROK.*)

"Ach, ich war auch in diesem Falle,
 Als ich die Weisen hört und las,
 Wie jeder diese Welten alle
 Mit seiner Menschenspanne masz.
 Da fragt ich : aber sind sie das,
 Sind das die Knaben alle ?"

Göethe.

"**A**RE all thy children here before me?"
 To Jesse so spake Samuel.

" Yet see I not whom God hath chosen
 To be His King o'er Israel.
 Though valiant sons be all the seven,
 In flower of youth and manhood's prime,
 Upon the brow of none 'tis written,
 'Him God hath chosen for this time !'

* The following five poems have not, I believe, been translated before. The original metres are retained.

“Go, call ye David from the sheepfold !”—

He comes from Bethlehem’s pastures bright,

A gentle youth of comely feature,

Beautiful eyes and goodly height.

“Lo ! this is he whom God hath chosen !”

In Samuel’s prophetic soul

The Spirit speaks ; and drops anointing

O’er those rich locks luxuriant roll.

“Are all thy children here before me ?”

So asked I of the hero-race,

When through the halls of martial glory

I sought ’mongst men the kingly face.

Of noble feature, stately bearing,

I found therein full many an one ;

But none without some fault or failing

In all the wide world-pantheon.

Who are they, first in song and story,

That clank along those halls ? A band,

Behold, of mighty kings and heroes,

The flashing steel within their hand.

The laurel-crown’d, the blood-stain’d victors,

From Philip’s grand, great-hearted son

To that last ploughshare of the nations,

The dark and deep Napoleon.

Come hither ! see, the hosts are marshall'd
With honour's wand, to blood-red fields ;

And deep in earth's becrimson'd bosom

Your footsteps sink on buried shields.

Come hither ! see, from man's avenging,
God's strokes are falling thick and fast.

Ye do but wait till in the furnace

With one dull sweep a race he cast.

But gentler forms, of gracious presence,
Before me pass in changeful band !

The sons of art I see ; the poets,

Sweet, golden harps within their hand.

They pass ! from high, serene old Homer,

The laurel on his silver hair,

Down to the last of poet heroes,

The hoary bard of Weimar's chair.

I bid you hail ! with golden music

Ye sang the world to fervours kind,

And tenderly your flame steals o'er me,

When whole my heart and sound my mind ;

But tell me—hath your bright song cleanséd

One weary heart from sin's dark power ?

Or hath one soul in sinking blest you

For heavenly balm in death's dread hour ?

Yet from the realms of mind and spirit
Another host my thought hath told.
With style and scroll behold the sages,
The earnest choir of thinkers old.
Lo! here Voltaire, amid the scorers,
There Plato, with the musing brow ;
But have ye found in thoughtful manhood
Truth's high and kingly presence now ?

If some of these upon the darkness
Threw passing gleams of noble light,
Yet far behind their highest musings
At last have left us, in the night.
Against the poor and lowly-hearted,
Their haughty guild was locked and barred ;
In the cold lamplight of their “ reason,”
No starving soul found warmth or guard.

Come ye discoverers and explorers,
Keen-piercing through this earthly ball ;
Ye peaceful conquerors, bring hither
Your lines and measurings at my call.
Columbus, with the martyr-circlet—
Copernicus, with starry crown—
Humboldt, unveiling zones far gliding
From Cosmo wreathed with old renown.

In vain we gaze ! though ye have harness'd
The elements, from hottest strife—
Though by the breath of winds and vapours
Ye wing our path almost with life ;
Though to the poles your message flashing,
Outstrip for speed the lightning's ray,
Yet oh ! to Paradise' clear fountain
None of you sheweth me the way !

Are all the sons of men before me ?
Where is the Son of Man alone,
That all the world may kneel around Him,
The rightful Heir to her void throne ?
The King to whom my deep soul boweth
In blissful fear and trust elate ?
The Shepherd who my pathway sheweth
From earth's low vale to Heaven's gate ?

'Tis ONE who treads Judea's pastures,
My Leader's call I hear in them.
No sword is clanking from his girdle,
Nor glanceth on His robe a gem.
He is not like those haughty mockers,
The Shepherd good of Bethlehem ;
A pastoral crook His mystic sceptre,
A crown of thorns His diadem !

Yet all the strength of hero-manhood
Sinks down before His Spirit's might,
And Art with all its pomp and glory
Doth pale before His Cross's light.
The wisdom of the haughty sages
Doth blush like childhood at His tone ;
The world-explorer's venturesome longing
To port He guideth—He alone.

To Him the inmost soul pays homage ;
The heart saith, “Who is like to Thee ?”
He leads, with holy oil anointed,
God's flock. The Shepherd true is He.
He is the King of souls—the Eternal—
Mercy and truth rest round His throne—
And earth and heaven, with thousand voices,
Peal out, “Hosanna ! David's Son !”



“LOVEST THOU ME?”

(FROM THE GERMAN OF KARL GEROK.)

“Spricht er drittenmal zu ihm; Simon Johanna, hast du mich lieb?”—ST. JOHN xxi. 17.

“**L**OVEST thou Me?” O son of Jona listen!
Thy Saviour speaks by blue Tiberias’ roll.
“Lolest thou Me?” O son of Jona tell me!
Yet ere thou vow thy love, search deep thy soul.
With all a father’s heart His question true
He asks. His holy eye doth read thee through.
Simon! why falls thy glance so mournfully?
Lolest thou Me?

Lovest thou Me? Once passionately thou swarest,
“Though all deny Thee, I will be the same.”
And yet—and yet!—thy solemn oath forgetting,
Hast thou denied without a pang of shame?
Is this the rock I chose in strength alone?
Is this the Peter, ardent then to own
That we by life nor death should parted be?
Lovest thou Me?

Lovest thou Me? I will no longer chide thee;

Yet once I ask, "Dost thou love Me?" again.

Come, poor child, come! and dry those tears of
anguish—

Give me thy hand, thy heart that throbs with pain.

Thou bruised reed! in twain I will not wrench thee!

Thou trembling light! no I will never quench thee

While glimmering faint one living ray shall be!

Lovest thou Me?

Lovest thou Me? For thee I toil'd and labour'd—

My yoke is easy and my burden light.

Have I not led thee in the greenest pastures?

In trusting Me, wert thou not always right?

The Shepherd from that precipice who snatch'd thee,

And on His shoulder laid, and kindly watch'd thee,

Whose great love drove him to the death for thee—

Lovest thou Me?

Lovest thou Me? then feed my sheep and tend
them—

Go forth, and, saved, thy saving office prove.

O glorious charge! O burden rich with blessing,

When pardon'd souls o'erflow with thankful love!

Thou wert a wanderer—seek thine erring brothers !
Thy Lord thou foundest—lead to Him these others !
Keep thou His flock from thieves and dangers free—

Lovest thou Me ?

Lovest thou Me ? then feed my lambs so tender—

I lay the little ones upon thy heart.
They need thee, in the dusky twilight wandering,
To lead them to My sunny folds apart.
Oh ! if thou love Me show to these thy love,
For touching them it toucheth Me above.
Wouldest not thou their nursing father be ?

Lovest thou Me ?

Lovest thou Me ? another yet shall gird thee,
Shall lead where flesh and blood had never pass'd !
And they shall smite the flock who smote the
Shepherd—

Wilt thou then keep to Me, and hold Me fast ?
With love that is not drown'd by many waters—
With love that dareth flames and scorneth slaug-
ters—

That 'neath the axe's stroke can praiseful be,
Wilt thou love Me ?

Lovest thou Me ? Oh ! Thou who knowest all things,
Thou knowest, Lord, how my weak love hath fail'd !
Let but the breath of Thine like fires of glory
Whose heavenly flame hath o'er my soul prevail'd,
Write here Thy words, my Saviour, I implore Thee,
And let me say, with spirit bow'd before Thee,
“Ah ! I have grieved Thee oft, yet pardon me !
I do love Thee !”

“ HE SHALL NOT DIE.”

“ Da ging eine Rede aus unter den Brüdern ; Dieser Junger
stirbet nicht.”—St. John xxxi. 23.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF KARL GEROK.)

 E shall not die, My well-beloved Apostle !
John lives and shall not die.
What though Jerusalem in dust the footstool
Of Rome's proud emperor lie.
In Zion's shade, or 'neath the glooms of Rome,
For him his Master still shall make a home.
He whose light shineth o'er the churches high,
He shall not die !

He shall not die, My servant who hath loved me,
Though storms be in his path !
What though they drive him on the dreary Patmos,
And drench him in their wrath.
His Saviour’s mercy never cloud shall dim—
The venom’d fang shall have no sting for him,
And death and hell before him bound shall lie—
He shall not die !

He shall not die. Yet if I bid him linger,
World, what is that to thee ?
If in the Book of Life his name be written,
Would this thy pleasure be ?
Come hither, World, with all thine ill,
And Death, with all thy snares : lo ! still
The Prince of Life doth shield him, saying nigh,
“ He shall not die.”

He shall not die ! but ye must own him victor !
For, folded to my breast,
He shall but faint there when his last hour cometh,
Faint only into rest.
The faithful servant of a hundred years
Shall sleep an honour’d sleep among his peers—
And on his brow the wreaths of love shall lie.
He shall not die !

He shall not die ! but borne on eagles' pinions
 His soul to me shall soar—
To Zion's hill, beyond the sapphire mountains,
 Above the priestly chore :
To that new city, built and bright with God,
That his rapt steps sometime in vision trod,
With face and form that love did glorify.

He shall not die.

He shall not die. No, blessed Lord ! Thy chosen
 Shall never taste of death.
They who are born of water and the Spirit
 Lose not that life with breath.
Oh ! let me sink, in holy rest
Content forever, on Thy breast !
Say to me, too, when my last hour draws nigh,
 “Thou shalt not die !”



HOLY WEEK.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF KARL GEROK.)

“Es war ein wunderlicher Krieg
 Da Tod und Leben rungen.”—LUTHER.

GSILENT week ! I welcome thee—
 So full of anguish, full of bliss !
 In whose mysterious hours I see
 Love dying—conquering—none like this.
 What earnest, awful thoughts of death,
 What solemn thoughts of life and spring,
 Are richly mingled in thy breath—
 My field of vision entering !

Hide with light veils of fleecy cloud
 The sweet spring sunshine from my sight,
 That faint and dim, as through a shroud,
 Its dull ray fall where blooms are bright.
 Since to those sacred hours it leads,
 Where, by the Cross of Golgotha,
 We mourn where our Redeemer bleeds !
 Where, pale in death, His face they saw !

Though sweetly many a violet breathes
 Behind yon sunny ridge of green,
In shadow still her brow she wreathes,
 And bows her head soft leaves between.
Their palest, faintest green they show,
 These hedgerows that no glow adorns.
My rose-tree droops her boughs in woe,
 Because my Saviour wore the thorns.

And here and there a birdling flies,
 With weak heart panting mine above,
Cooing the old sweet melodies
 Of springtime, and the joys of love.
All suddenly to silence deep
 His song is hush'd, no mate replies.
The bells peal muffled from the steep—
 The Lord of all creation dies.

The clear days lengthen in their flight ;
 The golden summer comes afar ;
But day and night, in mortal fight,
 And light and darkness struggling are.
The evening falls in solemn calm ;
 The twilight sinks o'er hill and wave,
And bids the adoring soul find balm
 By Jesus' cross—at Jesus' grave.

The moon goes up the peaceful sky—
 But by her ray methinks I see
The whole wide earth around me lie—
 One Garden of Gethsemane.
The nightwind in the mountains sings
 With sweeping sigh, that once in gloom
It trembled midst the angel-wings
 In vigil o'er my Saviour's tomb.

Here, in the grave's dark, silent cave,
 Doth stir a new and quenchless life ;
With distant, echoing harp-notes here
 The laden breeze of heaven is rife.
There angels touch the silver string,
 And joyful swell the Easter psalms ;
And in the resurrection spring,
 The saints in light receive their palms.

Yet scarce can children patient wait
 For hues that Easter morn shall bring ;
Yet life, in its imperfect state,
 Expects its new, sweet blossoming.
Wherefore, lift up thine eyes from grief,
 O suffering soul ! till daylight break.
The Easter morn shall bring relief,
 The dawn rise o'er thy darken'd week.

THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

REVELATION xxi.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF KARL GEROK.)

HO will show me the way to the City of Life?
I am weary, so weary, of conflict and strife!
With the blot of its struggles earth's cities are stain'd,
Where the poison of envy hath lurk'd or hath reign'd.

The morning light waketh to wearisome thought ;
The noon in its train toil and trouble hath brought ;
The tumult dies not in the eventide late,
And walk in the midnight dark anger and hate.

O had I but wings ! far away I would flee,
Where beyond the bright mountains the blessed ones
be !
Beyond the bright hills, in the vale of the blest,
My soul from this pain and this sorrow would rest.

Who knoweth the way to that bright upper town,
Whose joy and repose hath eternity's crown ?
Where never for sorrow the banners are furl'd ?
Who will lead me to Zion, the beautiful world ?

For there all unknown is the breath of deceits,
There deep Hallelujahs are sung in the streets ;
The wretched afar all his trouble hath cast ;
The weeping is done and the bitterness past.

There plaineth no beggar, for want cannot strike ;
No despot commandeth, for all are alike ;
No sin, like a serpent, can glide through the door,
That the hosts of the Highest are watching before.

No rioter revels, no poor man hath need
Of the daily scant dole insufficient to feed.
In chalice of gold flows the wine of the blest—
The banquet is holy, and holy the guest.

No pestilence there hovers darkly about ;
No funeral passeth, no corpse is borne out.
The wells of salvation spring up in that ground,
And the pure air of life circles freely around.

No temple therein rears its presence of grace,
For the watch of the Lord is each home in the place.
No sunlight, no moonlight, they need or they own,
For God is their glory and there is His throne.

No priest hath a robe waving dark on the air—
All move in a priesthood magnificent there ;
White, white are the garments of all in that band,
And the palm-branch is green in each consecrate
hand.

Oh ! there when two meet in the city of bliss,
They greet one another with heavenly kiss.
One saith to his brother, “ All peace unto thee ! ”
And their eyes say in silence, “ How blessed are we ! ”

They walk two and two in the deep quiet shades,
In the blossoming meads, in the whispering glades.
They speak to each other, or list to the sound
Of the stream flowing free o'er the bloom-cover'd
ground.

To the harps of the singers they hearken, and tell
What things God hath done for each one, and how
well.

Apostles, and martyrs, and prophets are there—
Oh ! would but the least in that city I were !

There penitents stand, as in joyful surprise—
The blissful tears trembling in wondering eyes.
And poor malefactors their radiant gaze lift
On Him who hath blest them with pardon's sweet
gift.

For once they were sinners, but sanctified now.
The sufferer weareth a crown on his brow.
For sackcloth and ashes, white garments they wear,
In the Blood that hath cleansed them made won-
drously fair.

I look'd from the mountains, and Zion flash'd bright
Through the purple of sunset afar on my sight ;
Her battlements glow'd with a splendour untold—
Her fortress of jasper, her pathways of gold.

But the gleam died away, and the heavens grew pale,
And I was below in a dim, lonely vale.
From the cities of earth raved their olden annoy—
The cry of despair and the mad shout of joy.

To the heavens at midnight I look'd through my
tears,
The stars in their splendour, the army of spheres,
And far through their distance ethereal it seem'd
As if lights from the holy Jerusalem gleam'd.

But swiftly, ah ! swiftly, the sweet moments flew,
At cockcrow the stars had paled, vanishing too ;
And morn in her train brought the old sorrows back,
The old thoughts came thronging with care on their
track.

But I will march on, like the pilgrims of yore,
Till the pleasure of God bid me wander no more ;
Still pressing from earth to the Home I would win—
And when I am meet, I shall enter therein.

THE END.



